

Wisdom Has Gained Her Victory

There is a wound so deep

There is a desert so dry

There is a garden of grief

where all I can do is ask why

Loss is etched in every man's heart

Pain becomes our friend

Where is the victory and the joy?

Lord, when will my hurts end?

Release belongs to someone else

Peace eludes my mind

Come Lord meet my anguished heart

Please don't leave me behind

My flesh longs for Your dear life

Manifest yourself anew

Fulfill your promises to Job

Let my flesh see You

There is a time when what is good

gives way to what is best

God wounds us and He hurts us,

but fire forces our heart to rest

Jesus, you are my pain, and you are my joy

You are my life indeed

Let patience have her perfect work

Where opposites are freed

Is weakness your strength in disguise,

And pain your megaphone?

Can brokenness be your healing place

Even when I feel all alone?

O Lord reveal your mysteries;

do opposites fit together as one?

Does pain give way to glory; and sorrow lead to joy?

Does confusion birth clarity;

And does nothing contain Your all?

Can temptation be for my own good,

And has the devil become my friend?

Does faith rise out of doubt;

and do sovereignty and free-will really contend?

Life swallows up death,

and grace replaces law

Here is my soul at rest,

For God uses it all.

(II Corinthians 12:9-10; 13:4)

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